

caught up in the moment and I want your taste by t_hens

Series: [reddie](#) [9]

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Eddie Kaspbrak Lives, Fix It, Getting Together, M/M, Marijuana, Mild Sexual Content, Post canon, Shotgunning

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-12

Updated: 2019-12-12

Packaged: 2019-12-12 04:13:41

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,062

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

'Richie tilted his head to the side and considered him for a moment.

“Do you want a joint?”

“A joint? As in *marijuana*?!” Eddie squeaked.'

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Author's Note:

beta by Moody <3

Eddie couldn't sleep.

According to the ancient clock radio on the table next to the bed, it was nearing three in the morning. He and the rest of the Losers hadn't even gotten back to the Inn until after one, and he'd been laying in bed since he'd gotten out of the much needed shower.

He was exhausted - could feel it in every aching bone and muscle in his body, but his mind was too full to give in to sleep. The night's events played in his brain on repeat in far more details than he cared to remember. The absolute worst one though, was the look on Richie's face when he'd crashed to the ground after the spear Eddie had thrown had released him from the dead lights.

Eddie knew fear, he knew terror, but nothing in his life had looked like Richie's face. It was like every terrible thing in the world was happening all at once and only to Richie. Before Eddie could ask what was wrong, Richie was rolling them over just as a claw marked the ground where they'd been laying.

The walls to the room were incredibly thin, so when there was a noise in room to his right - Richie's room - he finally gave up and got out of bed. His slippers were still warm and Eddie closed his eyes for a brief moment, just trying to let himself enjoy something small and simple. He'd almost died and if that wasn't a wake up call, nothing was.

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Richie answered the door almost immediately after Eddie knocked on it. His hair was still wet from his shower and matted down in some places. His glasses were still dirty, probably because he washed them off in the filthy quarry.

“Hey Eds, what’s up?”

Eddie shrugged his way inside and sat down on Richie’s bed, getting himself comfortable.

“Oh, please, make yourself at home.” There was no bite to his tone though, and he gave Eddie a tired smile as he shut the door and sat on the opposite end of the bed.

“I will, fuckface,” Eddie said, tugging on a thread of his pajama shirt.

Richie chuckled warmly and he lifted his head to watch his lips tug into a small smile. “And to what do I owe the honor, Monsieur Spaghetti?”

Eddie rolled his eyes. “I just couldn’t sleep and I could hear you over here so I knew you were awake too.”

He looked guilty, rubbing his neck. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you up.”

Eddie waved his hand. “It’s fine. I couldn’t sleep either. Every time I try and just see all the terrible shit that happened tonight. I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to sleep again.”

Richie tilted his head to the side and considered him for a moment. “Do you want a joint?”

“A joint? As in *marijuana*?!” Eddie squeaked.

That just made Richie roll his eyes and roll off the bed to start digging into the remains of his suitcase. Everything else was in piles around the room like he’d been there for a month, not less than forty-eight hours.

Once he found what he was looking for he stood back up and cracked open the window, moving the desk chair in front. He motioned for Eddie to sit on it, and he overturned the empty waste basket and sat carefully.

Eddie took the seat and waited patiently while Richie took the joint between his fingers and lit it, the end becoming a bright cherry red.

He inhaled deeply and blow the smoke out of the window.

“Isn’t this illegal?” Eddie asked as he gingerly took the joint between two fingers.

“So is throwing a hatchet in someone’s fucking head, so really, this is nothing.”

That wasn’t actually that illogical, so instead of arguing, Eddie put the joint between his lips and pulled a breath in. He immediately started coughing, the smoke coming out of his nose and burning the whole way.

“Fuck, Eds. Have you never smoked?” He took the joint and patted Eddie’s back hard.

Once he got his breath back, Eddie answered ‘no,’ which made Richie look at him blankly for a second before understanding passed his face. “Oh shit. I wouldn’t have made you smoke straight on a joint for your first time.”

“I’m not a baby,” Eddie grumbled, trying to take the joint back.

“No, no, no. I’m not having you choking to death after saving your fucking life.” Richie was trying to play the words off as a joke, but his words had a plea to them and the hand not holding the joint was clenched so tightly his knuckles were a snowy white.

“Hey,” he said quietly, letting the light buzz the first hit had given him urge his hand forward to cup Richie’s cheek. “I’m here. You’re here. Things are gonna be okay - better than okay. We have each other.”

He had meant him, and all the other Losers, but Richie’s breath hitched and his eyes widened. His hand reached up to cup the hand on his jaw and lightly kissed Eddie’s palm.

“You’re right Eds.”

Drawing back, he flicked the ashes off the end and scooted his bin so he was sitting between Eddie’s knees. With Richie’s seat being lower than his, they were almost eye to eye. They shared a brief moment of

lingering eye contact before Richie turned his attention back to the joint.

“Okay, we’re gonna try something, and if you don’t like it, we can stop. I have an edible you can have if you want, you might like that better.”

Anyone else wouldn’t think twice about Richie rambling, but Eddie recognized the nervous way his fingers twitched against his knee and his leg twitched against Eddie’s thigh.

Before Eddie had a chance to soothe his movements, Richie was taking a long drag and moving right into Eddie’s space. His mouth was already open, poised to ask him to move away but also move closer, so when the smoke was blown slowly out of Richie’s mouth it went straight down into his lungs.

He still coughed, but it was more out of surprise than anything. His breath returned after only a few seconds, but Richie was still just as close.

“Was that better?” He asked, voice uncharacteristically quiet.

Eddie had suddenly lost the ability to use words between the way his head kinda felt like it was full of helium and the way this close up, Eddie could see every crease and laugh line on Richie’s face, making his mind muddle further.

He nodded a little late, but it made Richie breathed a relieved sigh and then he was repeating the process. This time Eddie was ready for it, and hardly coughed at all. Pride shown in Richie’s eyes and Eddie felt his cheeks flush. He could always blame it on the pot.

Richie smoked it down until there was only about a hit left. He breathed in, and when he moved forward to blow it into Eddie’s mouth, he followed that pull in his gut and pressed their lips together.

The smoke blew out of Richie’s nose, making him sputter and cough and Eddie wanted to *die*. Why did he think that was a good idea?

Embarrassment and shame welled in him, making the lovely haze

turn dark. He stood to leave, but Richie's hand wrapped around his wrist. He pulled, and Eddie fell back into the chair. Richie was in his space right away and he laid a soft kiss to Eddie's parted lips.

"And where do you think you're going? You the type to kiss a fella and then run away?" His voice was slow and thick like honey, and it made Eddie's haze turn warm and bright again.

"I thought you didn't want me kissing you. I didn't wanna make you feel uncomfortable."

He couldn't meet Richie's gaze, so he tipped Eddie's chin towards his face and looked deeply into his eyes. "Eds, I've literally wanted to kiss you since I found out what kissing was. You just surprised me. I don't really recommend making out when you have a lung full of smoke."

Eddie snorted, but nodded. He wound his fingers into the ratty collar of Richie's sleep shirt and pulled him back in for a proper kiss.

They both tasted like weed, but Eddie couldn't make himself care. He'd spent twenty-seven years unable to remember Richie and the way that his heart always beat painfully when they were together, whether they were pretending to argue or were alone and in companionable silence. Now, he had Richie, and all of his attention was devoted to Eddie and if that wasn't just the best fucking thing on the planet, the thing he always craved, he didn't know what was.

It became apparent after a moment or two, that their seating arrangement wasn't doing them any favors, so Eddie pulled Richie up and over to the bed, clambering to crawl on top of him so he could work on sucking a bruise to his pulse point.

"Oh fuck, *Eddie*."

God, Eddie was probably never going to get it up ever again after watching Richie's head fall back to the pillow and feel the hard ridge of his cock where Eddie was kneeling over him.

"Wanted this for so long," Eddie panted against the wet skin, making Richie shiver. He pressed a finger to the purple mark. Richie hissed

and thrust his hips up.

Richie pulled him back down for a kiss and they did that until they were both panting and rutting into each other like they were teenagers. They'd missed that, but at least they were making up for it now. It would be a shame to go through all they had without at least trying.

They'd been kissing for long enough that Eddie's head started to feel a bit clearer. It was still there - the glowy fog in his mind - but he knew what he was doing when he reached a hand between them to palm over the hardness under Richie's sweats.

He pulled back and grabbed Eddie's wrist to stop him, which was the very last thing he expected.

"What's wrong?" He tried not to let the rejection get its claws into him, not wanting to end the night in tears. He'd cried enough for a god damn lifetime on this trip.

"I just don't want you to do something you don't want just because you smoked. I want the first time we do anything to be when we're both sober."

It was so mature and thoughtful that Eddie didn't think twice about withdrawing his hand and cupping Richie's cheek to give him a slow and sweet kiss.

"I think you're right, but I'm gonna need to be excused for a moment to take care of this," Eddie said, blushing.

Richie let out a choked noise but nodded, covering his face with his hand. "That's a good plan Eds. I'll stay out here and do the same."

Eddie's cock was *very* interested in that, but he stuck to his guns and got up to go to the bathroom. He'd barely even closed the door before he was leaning against it and shoving a hand down his pants.

He felt infinitely happy about the paper thin walls because that meant he could hear the way Richie's breath hitched and his quiet

moans. It had Eddie coming almost a whole forty seconds later, trying to drag air back into his punched out lungs.

There was a knock on the door a few seconds later, and Eddie tucked himself back in before letting Richie in so they could wash their hands.

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It wasn't even discussed that Eddie would be sleeping there, they'd just washed up and crawled into the small bed, Eddie pulling Richie's back to his chest and throwing a leg over his hip.

Richie snorted and threaded his fingers to the hand that was stroking lightly over his tummy. "Possessive much?"

"Shut the fuck up," Eddie replied sleepily. His eyes felt heavy and he knew he was seconds away from being out. "I love you."

There was a sharp intake of breath, and possibly a snuffle that followed, but Richie just squeezed his arm and whispered "I love you too," in a gravelly voice.

Eddie had never slept better in his life.

Author's Note:

you can find this fic on [tumblr](#)